

gratis. **A Copy of Verses Humbly Presented to**
 All my Loving MASTERS and MISTRESSES
 Of *Holborn-End-Division*, In the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*.
By T. Bamber and G. Fido, Beadles & Bell-Men.
27. Decemb. 1697.

The PROLOGUE.

*In Thunder, Lightning, Hail, Rain, Frost, and Snow,
 Dark Fogs and Mists do I your Bell-man go,
 Not fearing Dangers so that I may do
 What is my Duty in preserving you,*

*As for my part, Ile do my best to serve ye,
 And pray that Heavenly Powers may preserve ye,
 And that the Lord may give you Health and Store,
 Shall be your Bell-mans Prayers for ever more.*

St. Thomas's Day.

IF *Thomas* fail'd in Faith, Lord well may we,
 Who mighty Wonders from the Perf'om see,
 Yet he could not believe that thou couldst come,
 In real Person from thy Sacred Tomb
 Though a Disciple by thy self received
 Till he had seen and felt he ne'er Believed.
 With Faith, Lord, let thy Blood and Body be,
 Receiv'd by us, and us Receiv'd by thee.

On Christmas-Eve.

MOnst all the Dedicated Days o'th Year
 There's none affords such plenty of good Cheer,
 As Christmas Day O the Sir-Loin, then Roast,
 Mince'd-Pyes, Plumb-Porridge, with Mull'd Sack & Toast,
 Is it not Good? Yet some such Fools there are,
 Who deem such Victuals Superstitious Fare,
 By right, all such who Feast not on that Day,
 Should all the Year from Food be forc'd to stay.

Christmas Day.

WHen darkness had the Universe o'spread,
 And all Mankind in *Adam's* Sin Lay Dead,
 Kind Heav'n thro' Mercy to distressed Men,
 On this Blest day a Holy Work began,
 And Rais'd a Saviour from a *Virgin's* Seed,
 By which the World was from destruction freed,
 Let's Praise that GOD, so Merciful and Good,
 Who to save Sinners, shed his precious Blood.

St. Stephen's Day.

SANT *Stephen* firmly for the Gospel stood,
 And for *Christ's* sake was proud to lose his Blood,
 He the first Martyr, at whose Death was given,
 The sight of all the Glories that's in Heaven,
 And when his Foes to stone him did begin
 He cry'd, O Lord Charge them not with this Sin
 He yielded up the Ghost, then let each Brother,
 By his example, forgive one another.

St. John's Day.

SAINTE *John* the Evangelist, to give us light,
 Took Pains the Holy Gospel for to Write,
 To tell us all *Christ's* Suffering and Pain,
 For this lost World who it Redeem'd again,
 He Writ the truth most firm, and clear, most good,
 And seal'd the Testimony with his Blood,

H. Innocents Day

JOSEPH forewarn'd of God by Divine Dream,
 The Lord of Life from Slaughter to redeem.
 With Holy Babe and Mother he did flee,
 For to escape curs'd *Herod's* Cruelty,
 And into *Egypt* fled with all the Speed
 To escape the Fate which *Herod* had decreed,

New-Years Day.

MY Masters all I wish th'er suing Year,
 May bring Provision down, that is so Dear,
 For what shou'd binder now a vast Increase,
 Since the last Year clos'd up a Happy Peace,
 Plenty of Consequence, must follow then,
 To all True hearted, Loyal English men,
 For which poor I, among the rest, will fly,
 Blessed be Heaven, for such a New-Years Day



For Twelfth Day.

BAKERS beware make good your Twelfth-day Cake,
 O're which young Men and Maids so merry make,
 At Night without great Wonder may be seen
 Knave rich as King, and Slut as fair as Queen,
 About the Honour never make much pother,
 Since one must be as rich in Cake as t'other,
 Kings kiss your Queens, Knaves kiss your Sluts, I say,
 For every Jack must have his full to day.

On King William's Birth Day.

OLD *Alban* may wide Europe may rejoice,
 And Crown that happy Day with Heart and Voice,
 Which to the mighty *William* first gave Breath,
 Whose valiant Deeds are spread throughout the Earth,
 His Foes in Field he never shrunk to face,
 Till he at last obtain'd a Glorious Peace;
 Let Bells Ring, Trumpets sound, and Cannons roar,
 And Bonfires blaze, and Cups of Wine run ore.

On the King's Landing.

AWAKE O Man! and here what News is come.
 Good News to many, I hope bad News to none
 This Day did Land upon the British Shore,
 The best of Kings that ever *England* bore,
 The Guns aloud did Roar, the Bells did sweetly Ring,
 All for to welcome home our Sovereign Lord and King,
 May all those Traytors soon to Justice come,
 That would invade us in a War at home.

The King's Welcome home.

VE'come great Prince, thrice welcome to thy Throne
 Such scenes of Valour never yet was known.
 Let all true Subjects thy Great Acts Proclaim,
 And Sing Loud Anthems to Great *Williams* Name,
 Who for our Nations good so bravely stood,
 And waied for us through Great Seas of Blood,
 Let all true Protestants thy Power own,
 And pray that God may Guard thy Royall Throne.

On my Masters.

MY worthy Masters pray be not cast down,
 Tho' Fortune at the present seem to frown,
 Be cheerful, for I hope you'll live to see
 The Joyful days of full Prosperity,
 A thriving Trade to glad your Hearts once more,
 And then out of the Plenty of your store,
 Good Hospitality abroad will peep,
 Which for this many Years has lain asleep.

On my Mistresses.

A Vertuous Wife, she like a Turtle Dove,
 Is grac'd with all the Ornaments of Love,
 Sweet, Courteous, Pleasant, Affable and Kind,
 Yielding Obedience to her Husband's Mind.
 A faithful Partner in his Weal or Woe,
 On whose sweet Lips soft balmy Kisses grow,
 The Virtues of so sweet a charming Bride,
 Is better worth than all the World beside.

To the young Men.

YOUTH free as Air, and blooming as the spring
 Exempt from Cares that Time & VVedlock bring,
 Tho' now he struts upon this Earthly Stage,
 He once must bend beneath decrepid Age,
 Those sprightly Looks which now so gay appear,
 Must have their VVinter Season like the Year,
 Therefore respect and reverence Gray Hairs,
 And pray to Heav'n for a long Life Like theirs

To the Maids,

FAIR Maids, whose Youth and Beauty Men admire,
 VVho kindle in their Hearts Loves pleasing Fire,
 Request immodest every where deny,
 All flaring Tongues and smooth Temptations fly,
 Be chaste and righteous you may always prove
 A Blessing to the Man that gains your Love,
 Virtue and Prudence are the only Graces,
 That bless true Lovers in their soft Embraces.

On Dissimulation.

Some men pretend to love whereas indeed,
 They doe a little piece of hatred feed,
 Thus like the watermen they look one way,
 And row another as we see each day;
 From this grand Peice of base dissimulation,
 pray God deliver all good men i'th Nation.

On Prayer.

SERVE ye the Lord, his Righteous Laws obey,
 And in thy private silent Closet Pray,
 That he his tender Mercies would extend,
 So will he prove a never failing Friend,
 If from thy Sins thou art but free to part,
 He'll give the Grace, and purifie thy Heart,
 Therefore this Day, whilst thou hast time and space,
 By fervent Prayer approach the Throne of Grace.

EPILOGUE

ACCept dear Sirs Your Servants weak endeavour,
 Who does account himself oblig'd for ever,
 If You're well pleas'd with what is here presented,
 And all my Masters with my Sheet's contented,
 I care not what the bawling Wits may doe,
 If I have here offended none of you?
 I only hope my thanks they will appear,
 And so I wish you all a happy Year.